

April Morning

June Tabor

'Twas on one April morning, just as the sun was rising,
'Twas on one April morning, I heard the small birds sing.
They were singing Lovely Nancy,
Love it is a fancy-
Sweet were the notes that I heard the small birds sing.

O young men are false and they are full of all deceiving;
Young men are false, and they never will prove true.
With their roving and their ranging
And their minds are ever changing
They're seeking for to find out some other girl that's
new.

O if I had but my own heart in keeping,
O if I had but my own heart back again:
Safe in my bosom
I would lock it up forever
And it should wander never so far from me again.

Why must you spend all your long time in courting?
Why must you spend all your long time in vain?
For I don't intend to marry,
I would rather longer tarry.
Young man, don't you spend all your single life in vain.